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| Characters: | Daniel Molloy, Armand (Vampire Chronicles), Louis de Pointe du Lac |
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# helpless body, helpless mind, helpless heart

Anonymous

### Summary:

Daniel gets *fucked.*

### Notes:

(See the end of the work for notes.)

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## Chapter 1

Everything was a haze.

Daniel knew where he was, but not how he got here.

No, that wasn’t entirely right, either. He didn’t know where he was, not where in the world. Still in the penthouse? Somewhere else? Had they followed him? Had he followed them? His brain was too scrambled to keep up. He didn’t know. And yet: and yet.

He knew exactly where he was: in between *them,* caught, helpless.

He was sick of being helpless. He loved it. That was Daniel all around: he loved what made him sick, he was sick of what he loved. Writing, drugs, love, blood. All his little addictions.

It felt good, though. It felt unbearably, overpoweringly good.

He was full, and hazy, and overwhelmed. He couldn’t form words, couldn’t move, could only take it.

Louis was behind him, strong arm around him, mouth at his throat. Not biting, not yet, just—*kissing,* open-mouthed and messy. Daniel might call it hungry. He also might call it affectionate, if he didn’t know better.

More importantly, perhaps, is the fact that Louis is inside him. They’d been generous with whatever lube they used, although Daniel couldn’t look down to see it. It felt warm, but maybe that was just him. It was a contrast, though, because Louis was *cold.* Not unpleasantly so, actually, not a chill that bites (*ha!)* but instead the sort of coolness that came with resting your face against a window on a cold day, the glass almost soothing on warm human skin.

That coolness felt more like *cold* between his legs, though, buried in the tight heat of his ass. Louis was grinding into him, thick and hard and *strong.* Daniel had taken larger—and wasn’t *that* a thought, something that not long ago he wouldn’t have dared imagine let alone *remembered*—but it felt good, *good,* overwhelming. He was so *full.* But then, maybe that was just—

Armand. Beautiful, terrible Armand, like an angel of the Old Testament, all blood-tipped wings and monster heads, beautiful and terrifying. Armand, staring down at him with those intense eyes, unblinking, amused, enraptured. Studying him, dismantling him. Armand, whose soft, cold hands held him firmly in place, spread apart and wanting. Armand, who was thrusting into his sloppily wet cunt, a wide and cool and unforgiving stretch.

Daniel could feel it, feel *both* of them, and the tiny, soft, fragile layer of flesh that separated them. Could feel both of their cocks rubbing against each other inside him. Could hear the slick *squelch* of blood and cum and his own juices, the muffled, wet slap of flesh against flesh as they fucked into him together. Sometimes he was so *stuffed* he could hardly stand it, both of them buried all the way inside him, hands pinning him effortlessly in place. Other times it was like they were taking turns. But he was never empty, never *not* full of cold, perfect goddamn vampire dick. He could feel his slick thighs trembling. He wondered if they were bloody. If they liked him bloody. There was so much he couldn’t quite remember. He wondered if they’d done this before.

Vaguely, he knew he made a humiliating picture. Blushing and bruised and body begging to be used. Maybe that was what they wanted with him. Maybe it was amusing to have an old man trapped between them, trembling lips parted as they fucked needy, pathetic noises from his throat, hands too weak to fight them off even if he wanted to, even if they were human. Flushed and wanton and clenching around them, wanting more. Maybe that was the game of it, seeing his sharp tongue stilled and dumb, head lolling back onto Louis’s shoulder as he let them fuck him like the whore he’d already declared himself to be. Maybe it was funnier now that he wasn’t an eager young idiot anymore. He’d thought himself better and wiser and more mature than his idiotic younger counterpart, sharp and ready to not take any shit—but here he was. He couldn’t even stop himself from taking their goddamn cocks. Letting them *use* him, letting them use both of his holes. And liking it.

Was it better or worse if this was the first time? Which would be more mortifying; that he used to do this all the time and had no idea, that they’d known all along, that he’d been their well-worn little toy for years without knowing—or that that cocky, stupid young reporter hadn’t been stupid enough to let himself get fucked by a pair of stupid goddamn divorcing vampires, and Daniel now, the older and wiser and sharper Daniel, *was?* Was it more insulting if he’d always been a whore, or if it was a new development? Was it *hotter* if he’d always been theirs or if they’d chosen him only now?

And god, where’s that sharp tongue now—he isn’t even trying to fight back, and he isn’t sure it’s them, their influence. Daniel thinks, with some sense of hot shame and *want,* that this is all him. His own fault. His own weakness. He *loves* it.

He feels cool, firm fingers circling his clit. He thinks he whimpers, or lets out a wordless cry, but it doesn’t stop or let up. His eyes closed at some point, but they’re burning with unshed tears. The pleasure’s been building—the *fullness,* feeling so stuffed he could swear their cocks were in his goddamn throat, the *friction,* the sloppy *wetness,* the humiliation, their touch, their mouths, their dicks—and now this, now cruel fingers with filed down claws teasing his clit mercilessly. No, not *teasing.* This is worse, because it won’t *stop,* he knows that, they’ll keep going. He’s going to be here, cunt and ass stuffed to the brim, tears spilling down his face, shaking, and they’re going to keep torturing his clit until he can’t take it anymore, and then some. He doesn’t know how he knows this—did they drop it into his head? Are they messing with his head right now? Or does he just know them that well? Is it a memory, a guess, a heart’s imprint?

His whole body buzzes and burns. It should hurt, but it doesn’t. Or not as much as it should. He’s old, and he doesn’t feel it. But he doesn’t feel young, either. Hazily he registers his hips are rocking: just in shaky little jolts, needy and unconscious, pushing downwards. He’s so *full.* He wants more. They’re allowing it for now. But they’re just sitting there, all the way in him. Touching him. One of them says something—how long have they been talking? And all he catches is *noisy.* Is he being noisy? It doesn’t sound angry. More amused. Which is humiliating. Which is probably why Daniel—always the glutton for punishment, always the whore, even if he’d forgotten much—pulses around them, cunt throbbing around every inch of Armand’s cock, hole twitching around the base of Louis’s. He comes, *hard,* and even through the aftershocks doesn’t stop pulsing around them needily. They don’t pull out, of course. They don’t even stop touching him, even when he’s twitching and whining. He can’t seem to form words. He can’t.

He's such a good boy, he thinks one of them tells him, or drops in his head, or maybe it’s his own wishful, horrible thoughts. He isn’t a boy anymore, he hasn’t been for a long time, but no. No, he’s *their* boy. Good, warming their cocks for them. Poor thing.

Fuck, is *that* what he’s doing? Is that what they’re doing to him now? They’re so cold and he’s—hot and wet inside, alive, warm. He can understand that appeal, if nothing else. They feel good, anyway, cool and wide and *deep,* even though he wants more, wants them to keep fucking him. But it’s just rocking hips, fingertips rolling his clit between them, pinching and pressing. He shudders between them, and there are cool hands on his face, for once not pulling or pushing or holding him firmly, just cool and almost gentle, thumbs swiping under his eyes. His skin is wrinkled beneath smooth, soft hands. He’s trembling. Of course he’s fucking trembling. His eyes close.

They’re both gorgeous. Wonderful and terrible, beautiful monsters. Not just a thin shell of beauty, but layered, all complex and odd and awful. Like gods deigning to use him as an altar.

You’re really out of it, aren’t you, love? *Gods;* really.

Daniel’s never been one for the divine. Only Armand and Louis could change his mind. *Change his mind.* What an apt phrase.

The cock in his ass drags out—not all the way, but enough to make him gasp out a little noise, *sensitive*, eyes flying open and head falling back again to stare glassily at the ceiling. Louis fucks back into him, hands at his sides, and Daniel moans, eyes blinking away new tears. Armand begins again, too, just moving his hips in tight little circles, twisting little movements. Daniel’s eyes remain staring upwards. Unseeing, wide and wet, mouth open and body rocked with thrusts.

He thinks they stopped—whichever of them it had been, he thinks Louis—touching his clit at some point, but they start again, and he’s letting out hitched little moans, half-shaped like their names, almost forming into pleas but falling flat into wordless begging. He’d be babbling if he could manage it.

Oh, Daniel, Armand says, although he can’t tell if it’s out loud or not. It’s shockingly warm, considering, more than just distantly, icily amused. You think far too much.

Daniel can’t *stop* making these noises, hips twitching again, cunt pulsing, clit *throbbing.* It burns through his whole body; it feels so *good.*

We can fix that, Louis adds, and there’s those kisses at his neck again, over his scar and then around it, behind his ear and down closer to his collarbones. He can feel a flash of *teeth.* Tongue, licking at sweat, tracing his jaw. He’s so vulnerable. He hates being vulnerable. It feels good.

We can fix that, Armand echoes in agreement, and those strong hands tip Daniel’s head up, no longer staring at the ceiling but instead blinking away his blurry vision, looking at Armand above him, and Armand leans down and kisses him on the lips.

It feels like *flying.* Daniel moans into his mouth, longer, louder, eyes closing, feeling Armand’s fangs nick his lip and not caring in the slightest.

Behind him, Louis tugs him back and Armand follows, not giving him a moment of reprieve or a second to breathe, just kissing him and stealing his breath.

Louis’s fingers circle his clit again, and Daniel cries out into the kiss as he feels fangs sink into his neck. Louis bites him, *deep,* and Daniel’s eyes roll back and he nearly breaks the kiss but barely holds on.

Armand pulls back just enough to dip back in again and kiss his slackening lips, kiss the corner and then lick between them, and it feels like fighting through molasses, lifting his heavy and useless limbs, but he manages to lift his arms and tug Armand closer. Armand allows it, pressing up and into him deeper and harder as he moves closer, and Daniel whimpers but takes it. Armand under his hands already feels like a privilege.

How did he get here again? Fuck, they feel so good inside him. He’s so *full.* He’s never felt this full before. He shouldn’t be doing this, clinging to them, yielding to them, but he wants it so badly it hurts. He can’t even really grasp the reasons why he shouldn’t anymore. Can’t bring himself to care.

He’s old. There’s no one who would miss him much, anyway. What does it matter? Who cares why they—these stunning, fascinating people, these horrible gods, these wonderful monsters—want him, of all people; what sick or morbid fascination they might have with his wrinkled, dying body?

You think too poorly of yourself, beautiful boy. You’re ours. Have you considered your age is a gift, your body beautiful?

No, that doesn’t sound right. Beautiful like decay? Do they lust for mushrooms? Cavities and corpses that rot instead of sing?

Everything crashes in fractals, rushing in his ears. And then. Fragmented, whirling, like a glass carousel under a falling hammer; running together like a river fed by rapids:

Increasingly nonsensical, isn’t he. But handsome like this. Helpless. Loving it. Yes—always warm and willing. Our boy. Taking us both so well. Tight, wet for us. Easy. Laughably easy. Oh, don’t feel shy, it’s almost sweet. Stop laughing. It’s not bad laughter. Good. You feel good. You, too. Wet after so little. Just had to pin you down. Threats get you soaking, don’t they? You must have wanted to be between us the whole interview. How unprofessional. You’re one to talk. Gorgeous when you’re desperate, you know. Smell it when you’re wet, hear those secret thoughts. Those dreams. Stay out of my head. Except now? Except now. You like it now. We could hear it all, you know. I can’t… Yes, darling boy. I know. Full. Too… Yes. Would you like another, Danny? Please. Please. It’s nice when you’re polite. So nice. Saying *please.* You should say please more often. You don’t want that; you like him sharp. I like him soft, too. Begging. Fuck, just like that. Pretty noises. Barely even had to ask. How many awards have you won, and you’re spreading your legs at the drop of a hat? Only for you. Bastards. Fuck, please! I’m sorry! Please! Don’t cry, darling boy. Not a boy. Our boy. How many times have you come like this? How many more times can you stand? Please. Oh, you’re not too old for this, don’t think that. You look beautiful with red lips. You want me in lipstick now? I meant the blood running down your chin, but I’m sure we could find a fetching shade. *Fetching.* Yes. You know, you’re getting more coherent, not less. That wasn’t actually the goal. I can’t actually tell anything apart right now, does that help? Are we talking out loud? Yes—thank you, that does help. That wasn’t helpful, boss. Yes. Oh, darling. You want Louis to kiss you, too? That’s sweet. I didn’t even think that out loud!—You know what I mean. I do. But you didn’t have to. Go on, Louis, give him a kiss. Feeling left out? Oh. *Oh.* He’s like putty. Here, you kiss him again. He likes that. He always has. Fuck, please. Yes, boy. We’ll get the thoughts fucked out of your pretty little head, don’t worry. Pretty? Pretty. Don’t protest it. Fuck, my clit’s *raw.* You can take it. We’re going to make you squirt. I’m not sure I can. You will. Please. *Please.* I’m going to bite him. Armand, are you sure? I’m sure. Oh. *Ohh.* Oh, please. Please, boss. *Please.* Fuck him. Filling him up will do it. Ah. Inside? Yes. Please! Please! Ha. He’s desperate. Isn’t he always? Please! *Please!* He’s practically gushing already. Hard to overthink now, isn’t it, pretty boy? Please! Fuck, please, *please!* I don’t think he’s ever said please so much in his whole life. I do like him begging. Please, please! Now, Daniel. Hold on. Boss, please. *Please.*

He doesn’t know how much time later he squirts on their cocks, hot and gushing and making an absolute mess of himself, of *all of them.* He's practically *mewling,* squirming between them at the overstimulation but unable—unwanting—to escape. He can’t make heads or tails of anything; reality blurs and the lines between them ease and shift, doubling and blurring and vanishing and twisting. He isn’t sure where he ends and they begin, where his thoughts stop and theirs start, where his voice and his mind connect. He just knows he can’t think, can’t breathe, can only feel good and in the moment. Full, owned; sucked and fucked. Fresh bitemarks at his throat, blood on his chin and thighs, cunt slick and sloppy, holes stuffed with cock and blood and cum, mouth open and empty. *Them,* on either side of him. They press so close. He just lies there between them, fucked-out and helpless. So thoroughly used.

He has a feeling they aren’t done with him yet. Fingers circle around his clit lightly and his belly tenses and untenses, tears pooling in his eyes, but his cunt twitches. One of them kisses his neck. Something warm drips down his thighs, his ass. He *wants.*

* * *

Daniel sits, clean and decidedly unfucked, typing away and ignoring the muffin sitting by his laptop.

He is pointedly ignoring Armand, who has been perched and staring at him from across the room the whole morning now. Studying him intensely, head tilted, brow not quite furrowed.

You have the most *fascinating* fantasies, Daniel swears he hears him say, some odd mix of condescending amusement and slight bewilderment, but when he glances up, Armand hasn’t moved, hasn’t spoken, hasn’t made any indication he’s said anything.

Daniel knows better than to underestimate them, but doubts himself anyway. Perhaps he’d just imagined it.

And later, that odd, smug tilt to Louis’s smile, too. And the look they exchanged.

Daniel’s reading into it. He has bigger fish to fry.

(He only remembers flashes of that dream he’d woken up from in a sweat, thighs dripping and boxers soaked through, chest heaving and heart pounding. Just enough to resolutely decide he definitely didn’t want to know, because if they weren’t involved, then thinking about it would only alert them to it, and if they were, he wasn’t going to give them the satisfaction.)

(They probably were involved, anyway. They probably know. They were probably *there.* Why would *he* dream of that, otherwise?)

* * *

*Do you dream often, Mr. Molloy?* Armand says, mockingly, eyes gleaming. *Do you remember them?*

*I remember enough, boss,* says Daniel, almost sarcastically, and he doesn’t know why he isn’t surprised when Armand gives a little jerk, eyes widening with a shock he hides in seconds. He doesn’t know. Not yet.

* * *

(He keeps having the dream, over and over. Who knows who’s dream it is: if it’s him, or Armand, or even Louis. Some combination of the three, even?

No one acknowledges it, even when Daniel wakes up with aches he shouldn’t have, finds blood in the corner of his lips, or leaking, just a smear, just a small missed amount—perhaps even purposefully?—from his cunt.

It doesn’t mean anything. It’s just a dream he barely remembers. He barely remembers. He *barely remembers.)*

### Notes:

Gonna be honest, I've no idea if this is any good. Might delete it later. I've never written for this fandom before and that's probably really obvious. But I'm scratching an itch because I really, REALLY want that old man to get fucked.

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